The Northern Sugar-Cane.

Having had many year's experience in the making of sugar and syrup, both in the South and in Illinois, the writer of this article proposes to give the readers of the *Times* the facts and figures which have resulted from this experience, which will interest every one who has suffered from the poor returns of ordinary crops, and is, consequently desirous to increase his income, or, at least, to lessen one of his principal items of expense.

All the sorghum, broom-corn and millet plants readily hybridize, and at once lose their distinctive qualities if grown near each other. By judicious care the better qualities of the sweet varieties have been developed, and we have the result in several improved sugar-canes—the most noted of which is Minnesota amber. This variety has been extensively grown in the Northwestern States with, in most instances, satisfactory, and in some cases, extraordinary results. From fifty to as much as four hundred gallons of syrup per acre has been the return in quantity, and where at all well handled the quality was very superior to glucose.—with which our grocers supply us with gold or silver drips—as light is to darkness.

In favorable seasons this variety granulates very readily, with proper treatment, and it is claimed that two thousand pounds of choice yellow sugar have been secured from one acre. But, ordinarily, the granulating property is not present in sufficient quantity to justify the increased expense necessary to make sugar, and in some seasons, when the cane does not ripen well, as in 1880, but little sugar can be made.

It is not probable that the full extent of the improvement of the sorghum as a sugar-producing plant has yet been reached; on the contrary it is more than probable that its superior qualities will be developed until the production of sugar will be as certain and common in the Western States as the production of flour now is. The very great advantage that will accrue to the agricultural interests of the country, should such a result occur, can scarcely be estimated.

All are agreed that a sandy loam soil, on high rolling land, is the best for sorghum. If "good heart," as the saying is, that is, if capable of growing a good crop of corn, no better land need be desired. If the ground is low it must be drained, as, indeed, land for all crops should be. Sorghum will also very frequently do well on a sandy knoll that could not be relied on to carry through a crop of corn. On clay land the quantity of yield is less, and the quality of the sirup often inferior to that on sandy land. Freshly-manured land is also unfit for this crop, as it stimulates a large growth at the expense of its saccharine property. Many instances are recorded of such cases, where the cane attained a very large size and expectations of a great crop of sirup were indulged in, only to end in disappointment, after long and expensive use of fuel—of a small quantity of dark, inferior sirup.

Sorghum seed should be carefully selected and kept dry during the winter. About two pounds are required per acre, usually less rather than more. It can be planted rather earlier than corn, but requires care in covering, as, if planted too deep or too shallow, the stand will be poor. For this reason it is difficult, if not impossible, to get a good stand if planted with a common corn-planter.

The ground should be well plowed, in the fall or early spring, and again "freshened" or stirred with a turning plow, just before planting, in order to destroy every weed just starting into life. This is very important, and greatly facilitates the after cultivation of the crop. The harrow having leveled off the ground, a light marker, making marks three and a half to three feet nine inches wide, should lay off the land in checks, by crossing the first marks. Drop the seed by hand at each intersection, from six to twelve seeds in each hill, and cover with the foot about half an inch, or later in the season, one inch deep. If a rain is expected, or the ground is sufficiently moist to sprout the seed, do not step on the hill. On the contrary, if a dry time occurs, the seed will be more apt to germinate if the ground is compact about them.

To facilitate germination many persons soak the seed in warm water, and keep damp until they swell a little. This is an excellent plan, but must be managed with care, or a drouth of a few days will destroy the young germs before the can obtain sufficient root.

As soon as the plants are discernible in the rows the corn-plows should be started, with the shields on, so as to run close. A pair of scrapers in lieu of the front shovels will be found a great advantage, lessening the hoeing to be done, which is the main work in raising a crop of cane. After cross-plowing in the same manner, there will be very little work left to be done with the hoe, and if the work previous to planting was properly done, the hills will be comparatively clean, and the young cane will start off very rapidly. As soon as possible, the hoes should be used to destroy any weeds or grass in the hills, and the crop be put to a stand of six or seven plants in a hill. If less than this number, the cane will *sucker* a good deal—if more, the cane will not attain its average size and sweetness. If this first working is properly performed, and in good time, the crop may be considered safe. It will hardly get so weedy as to require a second hoeing, unless the ground had previously become, by negligent farming, very foul. The after cultivation should all be done by the corn-plow, hilling up the cane as much as possible at each plowing. After the crop gets two or three feet high, let it alone; you will do it little or no good by late cultivation. It is a peculiarity of this plant that its growth is very slow at first, but very rapid finally.

The result sought to be attained in the cultivation of cane is the same as for corn—keep the ground stirred, and the weeds and grass down. In cane, if possible, more than in corn, this result is a necessity, and if you would have a good crop you must never let "General Green" get the start of you, much less ever think of surrendering to him. The method of preparing the ground, planting, and cultivation herein recommended will produce that result with as much certainty and as little labor as possible, and, as far as the work is concerned, will insure a good crop.

As soon as the seed is "in the dough," or passing from the milky to the hard state, the cane is ready to cut for the mill. If long delayed, the juice in the bottom joints will lose its sweetness, and suckers will appear at the top joints, which also rob the cane of saccharine strength. And if sugar is desired, the granulations will be much the most successful from the first cuttings. For several seasons the amber cane has been ready to commence grinding by the 1st of September. This gives from seventy-five to ninety days to handle the crop, and affords ample time before freezing weather to make it up. An outfit capable of grinding at the rate of two acres per day could thus handle, at least, one hundred and fifty acres.

The cane should be stripped before it is cut. This is best done by using a lath, and striking down between the stalks in each hill. A stout boy will easily strip an acre per day. The fodder is very valuable—nearly as much so as corn blades; but unless labor is cheap and plentiful, like corn-fodder, which is rarely saved, it will not pay to save the cane-leaves—at least, not until hay and oat-straw become a great deal dearer than they now are.

A good corn-knife is also the right implement for the canefield. In cutting the cane gather the hill with the left arm, cut off the stalks, usually with one blow, above the first joint next to the ground. Then turn so as to bring the seed ends over the place where a pile of seed is desired, and top the cane below the first upper joint. This part of the operation should be carefully performed, as any seed left attached to the cane spoils the taste of the syrup. After topping lay the cane across the rows, the butt ends on one row, the top ends on the next, so as to enable the loader to pass his arm readily around the canes. Put as many canes in each pile as will make a good armful. In this way the seed will all be in piles, and can be hauled at any time before the snow falls, and will be found very desirable food for cattle after the winter feed begins to get scarce. The cane will all be in armfulls, convenient to load, and the cutter will get along very fast—will cut an acre per day. The cane should be piled in ranks, like cordwood, near the mill, and under shelter, if possible, unless it is to be ground immediately.

A frost will not injure standing cane. On the contrary, a light frost will frequently increase the quantity and quality of the yield. But a freeze will spoil the cane—as soon as it thaws it will turn sour. In Louisiana it is usual when freezing weather is expected, ordinarily about the middle of November, to winrow the cane. This is done by cutting the cane, unstripped, and laying it down in the furrow between the rows in such a way that the leaves on the tops protect the cane from the effects of pretty severe freezes. The same plan could be pursued here, but a better plan, which the earlier ripening of the northern cane permits, is to commence in season and get through before freezing weather. It is a tedious job to lift the cane out of the winrow, strip the leaves, and top the stalks one by one.—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

Bananas and Plantains.

A pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense of the word far superior to the best wheaten bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the Tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return, according to Humboldt, as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat or over 100 acres of potatoes. The banana, then, is the bread of millions who could not well subsist without it. In Brazil it is the principal food of the laboring classes, while it is no less prized in the island of Cuba. Indeed, in the latter country the sugar-planters grow orchards of it expressly for the consumption of their slaves. Every day each hand receives his ration of salt fish or dried beef, as the case may be, and four bananas and two plantains. The banana—it should be called plantain, for until lately there was no such word as banana—is divided into several varieties, all of which are used for food. The platino mauzanito is a small, delicate fruit, neither longer nor stouter than a lady's forefinger. It is the most delicious and prized of all the varieties of the plantain. El platino guineo, called by us the banana, is probably more in demand than any other kind. It is subdivided into different varieties, the principal of which are the yellow and purple bananas we see for sale in our market; but the latter is so little esteemed by the natives of the Tropics that it is seldom eaten by them. El platino grande—known to us as simply the plantain—is also subdivided into varieties which are known by their savor and their size. The kind that reaches our market is almost ten inches long, yet on the Isthmus of Darien there are plantains that grow from eighteen to twenty-two inches. They are never eaten raw, but are either boiled or roasted or are prepared as preserves.

Two Cents and a Principle Involved.

A suit involving the immense amount of two cents has been decided by Justice Forney, of Hanover, York County, Pa. The Hanover & Baltimore Turnpike Company brought suit against Mr. Levi B. Miller, of Penn Township, for two cents toll due for passing through the toll-gate south of Hanover. Mr. Miller refused payment because he was on his way to attend a religious meeting at Hoff's meeting-house. At the hearing it was admitted that he did pass through the gate, and it was shown that he attended a religious meeting. The Justice decided that Mr. Miller must prove that he positively went there to worship, and gave judgment against him for the two cents and costs. Mr. Miller will take the case to a higher court and have the principle decided.—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—Mr. Joseph Parton says that a curious circumstance occurred many years ago, when a testator in England left two thousand pounds to a friend, but with the condition that one-half the sum should be buried with him in his coffin. The legatee took advice on this matter. "Where is the money now?" asked his friend. "In the bank," was the reply. "All right," said the adviser; "write a check for a thousand pounds and put it into the old gentleman's coffin, payable to his order."

GENERAL.

—Fred Lutzman, a survivor of Waterloo, died recently at Louisville, Ky., aged eighty four years. At the battle of Waterloo he received a bayonet thrust in his side.

—The drains leading from the Philadelphia Mint yielded about $1,000 worth of gold and silver at the last annual scouring. The recovery of metal by that operation has amounted to $21,000 in nineteen years.

—At Haverfordwest, England, the other day, a well-dressed man, in disproof of a charge of habitual drunkenness, held up an umbrella, which he avowed he had not lost nor mislaid for fourteen months.

—On a cliff near Rincon Point, in Ventura County, Cal., the rocks are so hot as to be unbearable to the naked hand. Sulphur fumes are also noticeable in that locality, and from all indications a fierce fire is raging below the surface.

—The sudden appearance of the comet caused great consternation among the native population of New Mexico, and their churches have been crowded by frightened men, women, and children, praying that the dire calamities they feared might be averted.

—The head of the Tunisian mission now in Paris is Mustapha Pasha, who, when a boy, swept a *cafe* in Tunis. The Bey took a fancy to him, took him into his palace, educated him, and advanced him to office after office of State, until now he is a Prime Minister, and, of course, very rich.

—Two lovers were united in marriage by a Philadelphia clergyman, the man promising to call at his house the next day and pay for certificate. They departed, however, without doing so, and the clergyman prints a marriage notice, with the words: "No cards, no cake, no cash, no certificate." This happened in the City of Brotherly Love.

—One man who is rightly entited to the name of a pioneer of the Pacific coast region is John F. Dye, now living in Pajaro Valley, Santa Cruz County, Cal. He is eighty years old, and wears his age lightly, being yet hale and vigorous. In 1829 he left his native State of Kentucky, joined a trapping expedition to the far West, and after many wanderings arrived at the puebla of Los Angeles in 1832.

—In the Gila Valley, one hundred and twenty miles from Tucson, Arizona, are the famous Pintados. A heap of rocks, about fifty feet high, is covered with rude figures, geometric and anatomical. Here are squares, circles, crosses, triangles, snakes, toads, and vermin, men without heads, and dogs without tails. The sketches are like those of the Aztec calender stone in Mexico.

—Australia suffers from both animal and vegetable plagues. It has groaned under a rabbit pest, and a kind of watercress, which somebody thought would be "such a good thing," but which has served admirably to choke up streams; and now it is in mortal dread of the *lantana*, a shrub resembling a gigantic raspberry bush, which was imported as a garden ornament from France. Birds like the seed and scatter it in all directions, and the shrub threatens to grow densely and become an insufferable nuisance.

—A society is now forming in England to introduce the "participation" system of manufacturing, in which a share of the net profits of an undertaking is allotted to the workmen in addition to their wages paid at the full market rate. No less than one hundred firms on continental Europe are now worked on this plan, with universally good results. This society will seek to attain its objects by collecting and publishing detailed information on the subject with which its operations are concerned.

—On a dispatch from the Sheriff of San Luis Obispo County, Cal., the Sheriff of Los Angeles arrested a young woman, apparently about seventeen years old, and a person in boy's clothes about thirteen years old, encamped in the willows near the city, with three horses in their possession. On placing them in jail it was found that both were girls, who had run away and stolen the horses for their journey. They had been eight days on their journey, camping out all the time. They gave the names of Rosa and Emma Kearney, of San Luis Obispo.

—Certain features of the new Tay bridge that shall supplant the one which went down with such frightful loss of life appear to have been exactly fixed upon. Its total length will be 10,000 feet, or about two miles, and calculations are made for double the wind pressure which the strongest gale will ever bring to bear upon the bolts. The wind pressure is put at twenty-one pounds per square foot, and allowance is made for fifty-six pounds. Each pier will be entirely independent of an old one, and will be placed in an opposite position. It is intended that there shall be a parapet of wrought iron, as a precaution in case a car should leave the rails.

The Romantic Story of John Burnside.

The will of the late John Burnside, of New Orleans, who left an estate valued at $5,000,000, has finally been discovered. It bears date of 1857, and names Oliver Bierne as residuary legatee. Bequests amounting to $500,000 are made to members of the firm of McStea & Valve, and to various charitable institutions in New Orleans. There seems to be considerable of a romance connected with Mr. Burnside's history. A good many years ago Andrew Bierne, an Irishman, was the capitalist of the Greenbrier region in Virginia. According to the gossips, one afternoon as he was riding, and had stopped to water his horse at a little brrok, he found an infant boy, carefully wrapped up, asleep on a bed of rushes. Quite startled at the sight, after riding around and hallooing half an hour for the owners of the child, night approaching, and wolves being numerous in the forest, he took the child and carried it to his house, where he placed it under the care of his favorite attendants, John and wife. The parents never turned up, and in due time the boy was named John Burnside—a name suggested by the place where he was found—by the side of a burn or brook, a word common in Scotland and in the north of Ireland.

The boy grew well, and in due time became the supervising clerk of Mr. Bierne's many stores. From his business exactitude and industry he was a great favorite with Mr. Bierne, but with few others. He was taciturn, reserved, and morose, even when a young man. But his business habits and talents recommended him, and Mr. Bierne established him in New Orleans with his son, Oliver Bierne, where his characteristics remained as they were in early life. He had no social feeling, no sympathy, no public spirit, but was pre-eminently successful in trade.

Whether this story be true or not, Mr. Bierne never denied it. One thing is certain, the deceased never conversed, nor would permit any one to converse with him, about his origin or birthplace. One of his fellow clerks with Mr. Bierne, Andrew Mennis (brother of the late Hon. Callohill Mennis, of Bedford County, Va.,) called on Mr. Burnside when in the zenith of his mercantile glory in New Orleans, was kindly received, but happening to recur to the story of his birth, and contrasting it with his great success, Mr. Burnside flew into a rage, jumped up from the table, and never spoke to him afterward.

During the war Mr. Burnside remained in Louisiana, and when his great crop of sugar was seized by Gen. Butler, got it all back on the plea of being a British subject.

The finding of the will gives color to the story of his babyhood. It is thought that there will be a big legal fight over the will by persons claiming to be relatives of Burnside.—*Cor. New York Sun.*

Two Millions Going Begging.

In the last few days an advertisement in the "Personals" of the *Herald* calling for information in reference to a $2,000,000 legacy in England, for which the heirs are said to be wanting, has attracted considerable attention. Yesterday the English lawyer who had inserted this "Personal" was called upon and some particulars of the case were ascertained, which surrounded it with no little mystery. The first impetus given to the present inquiry was the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Herald* of December 26, 1880:

IMPORTANT—$2,000,000—Mrs. B. P. Backus, formerly S. A. Hayward, Baltimore, Md., will send her address to Alfred Williard Williams, executor of estate of William Brown, England. This will, though contested since 1876, is now settled in behalf of the above-named party. By order of the executor. A. W. W.

Brown, according to the statements of the lawyer, was a rich young country gentleman from Yorkshire, England, who came to this country in 1873 in company with one Alfred Williard Williams, and traveled about for some years, residing a considerable portion of the time in Boston, where he was well known. At the Parker House his name has been found on the register, and he is recalled as a tall, fine, hearty-looking Englishman of lavish habits. He is also said to have lived at the Tremont House, but of this no proof has thus far been obtained. Where he died is not known, but the lawyer in question claims to have received corroborative information from some lawyers that Brown's estate in Yorkshire had been the subject of a will contest, which had been decided favorably to the rights of the Mrs. Backus, *nee* Hayward, of Baltimore, mentioned in the advertisement. Who Mrs. Backus was is a puzzling feature of the case, and it is equally perplexing to guess what her relation to Brown could have been to have entitled her to the $2,000,000 Yorkshire estate. Williams was in New York last August, before his return to England. He stopped at the Astor House, where he is still remembered. It is now supposed that Williams, as well as Mrs. Backus, has also died, and no trace has thus far been found to the heirs or kinsmen of either of the persons involved in the mystery. It is a remarkable fact in these days, when "bogus" claimants to large inheritances spring up like mushrooms, that not a single reply has been received by the English lawyer to the advertisments which have appeared in the *Herald* for three or four days. Williams was supposed to have been searching for the nebulous Mrs. Backus last August, and to have died broken-hearted from the knowledge that the vast estate might be diverted from its rightful owner, the fair Mrs. Backus, in case of his death. It is now sought to find the heirs of Williams and Mrs. Backus in order that they might accept the estate, but thus far no success has crowned the efforts of the English lawyers engaged in this noble search on both hemispheres. Thus far there have been many English estates for which American heirs have been advertised which have shown themselves of a rather shadowy and evanescent nature, but the English lawyer claims that there is no doubt of this cosy little $2,000,000 property actually awaiting in Yorkshire the first true-blooded Williams and Backus that may turn up.—*New York Herald.*

An Ingenious Kind of Bird.

One of the most interesting and common birds here (in the Adirondack region, Northern New York,) is a large woodpecker that bores holes in the bark of spruce and then plugs them up with acorns and nuts of any kind. One piece of wood taken from a tree of about eight square inches, contains ten of these plugs, so closely and tightly wedged in that a knife had to be used to force them out. A fine specimen of this ingenious work can be seen in the cabinet of the Museum of Natural History, Central Park. The piece of bark looks as if wooden bullets had been fired at it and just covered themselves. The general impression seems to be that the birds put them there and eat them in the winter or later, but squirrels, it would seem, would have the best of it. We have seen the birds picking at nuts or acorns that had evidently been lodged in the wood some time, and were impressed with the idea that they had been placed there to collect grubs and other live food that would work into them, and then the woodpecker would visit the trap he had set and reap the reward of his labors. The amount of work a woodpecker does in making a hole three inches deep can be imagined when it is known that in some of the pieces of wood bored ten or fifteen pecks of their bills hardly make any impression. How many thousand it would take to finish the work mentioned, and the consequent wear and tear of patience, can be imagined.—*New York Times.*

Our Young Folks.

'TIS HARD TO BELIEVE.

Very warm was the day, very drowsy and still,
And the farmer sat reading the news;
And the wife of the farmer was milking the cow,
And his eldest son blacking his shoes;
And the ma of the farmer was on the back porch,
Making apple and blackberry pies,
With the farmer's wee girl in a chair by her side,
Looking at her with sleepy blue eyes.
And the maid in the kitchen was washing the plates,
With many "Oh, dears!" and "Oh, mys!"
And the house-dog was lying upon the doormat,
A lazily snapping at flies—

When some Naps, just escaped from the country of Nod,
Came noiselessly flying that way;
And the funniest pranks that small Naps ever played,
In a moment they managed to play.
From the hands of the farmer the paper they snatched,
From his head jerked the kerchief of silk;
And they tumbled his wife from her stool 'gainst the cow,
And away went the pail of new milk.

They jogged the boy's elbow, and up flew his arm,
And the blacking splashed over his nose;
And they charmed the poor maid with a nice little dream,
And then dropped a big plate on her toes.
Close together they brought Pompey's teeth with a bang,
Just catching the tip of his tongue;
And the ma of the farmer they teased, till at last
Half her fruit in the garden she flung.
And they closed baby's eyes, and she slid from the chair,
And lay on the floor in a heap;
And yet these same Naps, though 'tis hard to believe,
Are the children of quiet Dame Sleep.

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Young People.*

HOW MISS JENKINS "GOT OUT OF IT."

It was "writing afternoon"—said Miss Jenkins—and my scholars were new. If you had ever been a teacher, my dear, you would realize what the combination of those two simple facts implies—the weariness of body and the utter vexation of spirit. First, there's the holding of the pen. If there's one thing more than another in which scholars exhibit their own originality, it is in managing a pen-holder. Then, the ink: To some it was simply ink, nothing more. To others it seemed an irresistible tempter, whispering of unique designs, grotesque or otherwise, to be worked out upon desk or jacket, or perhaps upon the back of one small hand.

Well, upon the afternoon of which I am going to tell you, I had had more correcting to do than usual, for some of the scholars were stupid, and couldn't do as I wished; and others were careless, and didn't try. What with the looking, and stooping, and continual showing, I felt my patience giving way, and when I saw that three of the largest boys had left the page upon which they should have been practicing, and were making "unknown characters" in different parts of their books, I lost it utterly. "That I *will* not have," said I, sharply. "I will punish any boy who makes a mark upon any but the lesson-page."

They were very still for a while. Nothing was heard but the scratch, scratching of the pens, and the sound of my footsteps as I walked up and down the aisles. Involuntarily, I found myself studying the hands before me as if they had been faces. There was Harry Sanford's large and plump, but flabby, withal, and not over clean. His "n's" stood weakly upon their legs, seeming to feel the need of other letters to prop them up.

Walter Lane's, red and chapped, with short, stubbed fingers, nails bitten off to the quick, had yet a certain air of sturdy dignity; and his "n's," if not handsome, were certainly plain, and looked as if they knew their place, and meant to keep it.

Tommy Silver's, long and limp, besmeared with ink from palm to nail, vainly strove to keep time with a tongue which wagged, uncertainly, this way and that, and which should have been red, but was black, like the fingers. His "n's" had neither form nor comeliness, and might have stood for "v's," or even "x's," quite as well.

Then there was Hugh Bright's hand, hard and rough with work, holding the pen as if it never meant to let it go; but his "n's" *were* "n's," and could not be mistaken for anything else.

At length I came to Frank Dunbar's desk—dear little Frank, who had been a real help and comfort to me since the day when he bashfully knocked at my door, with books and slate in hand. His hand was white and shapely; fingers spotless, nails immaculate, and his "n's"—but what was it that sent a cold chill over me as I looked at them? Ah, my dear, if I should live a thousand years, I could never tell you how I felt when I found that Frank Dunbar had written half a dozen letters upon the opposite page of his copy-book!

"Why, Frank," said I, "how did that happen?"

"I did it."

"You did it before I spoke?" said I, clinging to a forlorn hope.

"No, 'm; I did it afterward. I forgot."

"Oh, Frank! my good, good boy! How could you? I shall have to punish you."

"Yes, 'm,"—the brave blue eyes looking calmly up into my face.

"Very well; you may go to the desk."

He went, and I walked the aisles again—up and down, up and down, giving a caution here or a word of advice there, but not knowing, in the least, what I was about. My thoughts were all with the flaxen-haired culprit, who stood bravely awaiting his penalty. Vainly I strove to listen to my inward monitor. It seemed suddenly to have become two-voiced—the one tantalizing, the other soothing—and, of course, the tones were conflicting.

"You must punish him," said one.

"You mustn't," said the other.

"He deserves it."

"He doesn't."

"He disobeyed you flatly."

"But he forgot—and he has always been so good."

"But you promised. You have given your word. Here are thirty boys to whom you should be an example. Do you think they are not watching you? Look at them!"

I did look at them. Walter Lane's sharp, black eyes and Harry Sanford's sleepy orbs were fixed curiously upon me. Nor were these all. Gray eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes—all were regarding me intently; I almost fancied that they looked at me pityingly. I could not bear it.

"Attend to your writing, boys." Then I walked slowly up to the desk.

"You see how it is," said the troublesome voice. "You will certainly have to punish him."

But I had thought of a possible plan of escape. "Frank," said I, "you have been disobedient, and—you know what I said, but—you are such a good boy that I cannot bear to punish you—not in *that* way, I mean. You may go to the foot of your class, instead."

"I'd rather take the whipping." The honest, upturned face was very sober, but betrayed not the least sign of fear, nor was there the slightest suspicion of a trembie in the clear, childish voice.

"Bless your brave little heart," thought I. "Of course you would! I might have known it," and again I walked the aisles, up and down, thinking, thinking.

"You will have to do it," repeated the voice. "There is no other way."

"I cannot, oh, I *can't*," I groaned, half aloud.

"The good of the school requires it. You must sacrifice your own feeling and his."

"Sacrifice his feelings! Loyal little soul! good as gold, and true as steel."

"No matter, you *must* do it."

"*I wont!*"

I walked quickly to the desk and struck the bell. The children looked wonderingly. "Listen to me, boys," said I. "You all know that Frank Dunbar is one of our best scholars."

"Yes, m'—yes, 'm!" came from all parts of the room, but two or three of the larger boys sat silent and unsympathetic.

"You know how ambitious he is in school, and what a little gentleman, always."

"Yes'm. That's so. We know." Only two unsympathetic faces now; but one of them, that of a sulky boy in the corner, looked as if its owner were mentally saying: "Can't think what you're driving at, but I'll never give in—never."

"You all know how brave he was when Joe Willis dropped his new knife between the boards of that unfinished building on Corliss Street. How he did what no other boy in school would do—let himself down into the cellar, and groped about in the dark until he found it for him."

"We know that—yes, 'm. Hurrah for——"

"Stop a moment. One thing more." Sulky-boy's companion was shouting with the rest, and Sulky-boy's own face had relaxed.

"You all know," said I, "how he took care of Willie Randall when Willie hurt himself upon the ice. How he drew him home upon his own sled, going very slowly and carefully, that poor Willie might not be jolted, and making himself late to school in consequence."

"Yes, 'm. Yes, ma'am. Hoo-ray for little Dunbar!" Sulky-boy was smiling now, and I knew that my cause was won.

"Very well," said I. "Now let us talk about to-day. He has disobeyed me, and—of course I ought to punish him."

"No, 'm, you oughtn't. Don't punish him! We don't want him whipped!"

"But I have given my word. It will be treating you all unfairly if I break it. He has been such a faithful boy that I should like very much to forgive him, but I cannot do it unless you are all willing."

"We're willing. We'll give you leave. We'll forgive him. We'll——"

"Stop! I want you to think of it carefully for a minute. I am going to leave the matter altogether with you. I shall do just as you say. If, at the end of one minute by the clock, you are sure you forgive him, raise your hands."

My dear, you should have seen them! If ever there was expression in human hands, I saw it in theirs that day. Such a shaking and snapping of fingers, and an eager waving of small palms—breaking out at last into a hearty, simultaneous clapping, and Sulky-boy's the most demonstrative of all!

"Disorderly," do you say? Well, perhaps it was. We were too much in earnest to think of that. I looked at Frank. His blue eyes were swimming in tears, which he would not let fall.

As for me, I turned to the blackboard and put down some examples in long division. If I had made all the divisors larger than the dividends, or written the numerals upside down, it would not have been at all strange, under the circumstances.

And the moral of this—concluded Miss Jenkins—is that a teacher is human, and a human being doesn't always know just what to do.—*Mary C. Bartlett, in St. Nicholas.*

Clean Clothes for Hot Weather.

Of the various methods of keeping cool in hot weather none are to be entirely despised, unless it is that of drinking spirits. Better than almost any of them, however, is the frequent changing of underclothing. So much moisture escapes in the form of perspiration that the skin seems to have no time to dispose of anything else; but the truth is that the perspiration carries with it a great deal of waste matter that is not, like most of the moisture, carried by absorption through the various thicknesses of clothing and into the surrounding air. This waste remains in whatever fabric it first reaches, and it soon accumulates to a degree that either retards perspiration or prevents its absorption. Servants may grumble as the family wash increases in hot weather, or laundry bills may increase; but it is cheaper to devote more money to both than to spend a larger amount for liquor or other tonics to remove the sense of oppression that always follows obstructed perspiration. The frequency with which athletes, actors, experienced pedestrians and others who exercise freely in warm weather change their clothing would astonish many people who imagine their own habits to be extremely cleanly; but the changes richly pay for themselves in comfort.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The anti-French agitation in Italy has aroused the somewhat astonished attention of Frenchmen to the great number of Italians inhabiting France. The floating population of Italians in Paris amounts to the large total of 50,000. The other cities in which they swarm are Lyons, Marseilles, Toulon, Nimes and Bessancou. One sees little of them in other places, but where Italians assemble they cluster thick and live together.